

not in wine. 15

Critical
REMARKS
Upon the
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS
Son of
ULYSSES.

Translated from the *French*.

L O N D O N.

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Critical *blocks* *you* *on* *the* *way* *to* *the* *world*

Critical review of the book

REMARKS UPON THE ADVENTURES OF Telemachus.

No truth, Sir, you are a dangerous
Enemy; 'tis neither fair nor civil
to take so much Advantage of the
Power ye have over me. I have
my Reasons for my Silence; why should
you urge me to Gartulity? I tell you over
and over again, all People look upon *Ta-
lemachus* to be an admirable Piece: Ne-
ver did Hero appear upon the Stage with
such an universal Applause. 'Tis witty,
delicate, natural, 'tis mysterious and im-
chanting; what would you have more?
Oh! but say you, I do not ask your Sen-
timents about the relish of the Publick;
I am sufficiently inform'd of the great

noise which this little Romance makes among the curious; 'tis the Subject Alar-mode for Conversation; but I desire to know your Thoughts concerning it. To what an inconveniency do you expose me? I must now be lookt upon in your Judgment for a ridiculous Manhater, if I cannot discover in this Piece, those pretended Beauties that charm all other Readers. Am I not already sufficiently unfortunate, to be posess'd with a cross thwarting Humour, but that I must be oblig'd my self to reveal my own Shame? All the World admires *Telemachus*; on the other side, I that can find nothing in it worthy Admiration, yet do my self this Justice, for my want of a good Pal-ate, that I admire my own Stupidity. This I take to be an ingenious way of shifting off the Condemnation of the Piece; and any other Person but your self would discharge me, after such a Confession. You might blame me for my want of Judgment, without putting your self to the trouble of exacting my bad Reasons: But I know your Humour in respect of my self; my fantastical Con-ceits divert yee, and you have done me the Honour to tell me, that you take some kind of delight to see me fencing with the Multitude. It shall not then be said, that

that 'tis long of my ill Nature, or *Momus*-like Temper that you are not satisfi'd. I will then faithfully Copy out the Idea which I have fancy'd to my self of the famous *Telemachus*, and give you leave to Laugh, upon condition that you laugh in a corner alone. I have but three Assaults to make upon this impregnable Fortress. I shall first examin the design that sent *Telemachus* abroad into the World; in the next place, I must attack the Style of this ingenious Fiction: And lastly, I shall endeavour to unfold the meaning of this same Satyr, altogether Mystical, which as some will have it, the Author has with such a zealous Devotion display'd against the Wisest and most Potent Government that ever was.

Now then, that I may make my Conjectures, as all others do (for I must tell you, I have no other foundation to assure my self either of the Name or Intentions of the Author) The aim of the Work is Great, Noble and Lofty: To teach a young Prince the purest Maxims of Wisdom, to set Vice before his Eyes in all the hideous shapes of it, to make him relish the lovely sweets of Virtue, to rehearse in his Ears a thousand and a thousand times over, that Wickedness is the cause of all Misfortunes, and that Justice

is

is the Fountain of all Happiness; to form his Mind according to the most lively Lights of Knowledge and Understanding; to render his Heart impenetrable against all Irregularity, this is to conceive a design to raise his Royal Pupil to the Pinnacle of Glory, and to procure the Felicity of the People, who are one Day to live under the Dominion of this young Prince. But with your good leave, has this design been put in execution, in such a manner as to promise good Success? For my part, had I an intention to spoil a young Inclination, I would give such a Youth *Telemachus* for his Pocket Book. Nor can I disapprove the Raillery of a Courtier, who was saying t'other Day, that if the Duke of *Burgundy* were wholly guided by this Romance, the Crown of *France* would be in danger of falling under the Government of a Distaff. They with whom he was joaking, understood no other wit in his Jest, but that he meant *Minerva* in disguise. But he drove higher, as I understood from one of his Acquaintance; for his meaning was, that if ever a *Telemachus* taign'd, under the Auspices, and by the Counsels of such a severe Goddess, Vision, Chimera, and Fanaticism would sit upon the Throne. If you guess, as I make no question but you

you do, at the Brain that was deliver'd of this Fancy of a Romance, beware of revealing it : For in jesting with Jupiters Wisdom, you would ruin the Reputation of a judicious Man, which an illustrious Friend has acquir'd in the World ; there would not be a Wit o'th'Town but would be ready to throw a Stone at him, and all would cry out, that 'twould be better for them to be lodg'd in a Mad-house than in his great Palace. But since 'tis yours and my Profession not to judge of things by the common relish, let us weigh his Proofs, and see who is in the right, whether he or all Mankind beside. You your self have told me a Hundred times, that the Labours of Fiction are poyson'd Springs, from whence young People know not how to draw, without interesting the Exactness of Discernment, and and without receiving dangerous Impressions against the uprightness of the Soul. Poets and Writers of Romances never speak like other Men, being forc'd to follow another Road then that of Nature, to arrive at that sublimity which they seek for in themselves, they overdo what ever they go about. The Fire of Imagination, in them, supplies the place of profound Reasoning. But reduce these pompous Descriptions, these glittering

tering Images, this refin'd *Tour* to the Terms of good Sense, 'tis only the flash of the Powder that has pass'd before your Eyes, and leaves nothing behind but the ill scent. Nature and Truth are in the Hands of these Gentlemen to be dawb'd, and fucus'd over as much as they shall think proper for their own Purposes: Never believe that they present before us those two Countenances with that simplicity which is their principal Ornament. They are ashame'd to say with the Vulgar, that the Sun rises and sets; that it has been a plentiful Harvest; that the Meadow is cover'd with Flowers; that the Water is clear; that the Trees are laden with Fruit. Pitiful Expressions that wou'd make those inspir'd Enthusiasts blush. There is a much more noble elevation of Wit to be made use of in explaining to us the Motions of Nature, under the sublime Emblems of Dewy Charies, Chrystal, Pearls, Diamonds, and all those other pretty Toys of which our *Telemachus* is a true Magazine. Is he to commend a good Prince? He is exempt from all humane Infirmitie's; his Merit surpasses Imagination, and he has perform'd those Achievements for which there want examples in Story; and the Virtue of that Hero is as inconceivable as *Pure Love*. It is his

his business to censure the Conduct of an ill King ? there's no mercy to be expected, he is a Tyrant ; he has made unjust Wars ; he has broken Faith with his Confederates ; in the midst of Peace he has surpris'd 'em, pillag'd their Cities, burnt their Houses under ridiculous pretences ; he has violated his Oaths, ruin'd his People ; he has invaded the Rights of God, oppres'd his most faithful Subjects ; he has openly justifi'd Adultery ; he is a monster abandon'd to his own Obduracy ; 'tis in vain for him to have recourse to the Gods, they are inexorable to his Prayers ; their anger is just ready to thunder upon his Head ; Monsieur the Poet has pronounc'd the Decree, nor will he bate a tittle of the Sentence. Well, Sir, what do you think ont ? d'ye believe a young Prince to be well pla'd i' the Hands of such a sort of Guides ? Sometimes climbing to the top of a Mountain, sometimes descending to the bottom of a Valley ; never moving upon even Grounds ; to have always a slippery Ice before their Eyes ; call you this an easy Road to arrive happily at a Throne ? To what purpose is it to create an imaginary World in order to teach a young Prince how to reign in ours ? Our Kings are not like Kings upon a Theatre, who only enter up-

on the Stage to represent fabulous Persons ; They ought to govern according to the Laws, and according to the present time, and this is that wherein they ought to be instructed, without fetching compasses about, and the refinement of Hyperbolic Language. You will not deny but that Kings have more need of Judgment and Penetration then other Men, for they suffer themselves too frequently to be surpriz'd by prejudice ; and that crowd of Flatterers which environs 'em is a Rail that Truth has much ado to leap over. How then is it possible for a young Prince to walk in a hazardous Country, where he runs from Phantom to Phantom, from falsehood to falsehood, where he meets with none but Objects capable to seduce a better instructed Reason then his own ? Did you never spend a serious thought, Sir, upon these Portraictures to flattering and so apt to tickle the Senses ? I am certain you would never, upon such Considerations, expose such charming delusions to the Eyes of your Family, much less, if you have been call'd to the Prelature, would you do it to any other Person. What shall we say of those Courtesans of Goddesses, amourous even to Transport, pensive, jealous, restless, furious, and sometimes driven to despair ? The devotion

tion of the *Cretan* Women for *Venus* and her Pleasures ? the Passion of *Calypso* to captivate *Telemachus* in her golden Tresses, and the fruitless Toyls of *Cupid* to the same purpose ? You may look upon these things as Trifles if you please, but in my Opinion, the leading of a young Prince into these slippery places, is in some measure to couple his Mind with Superstition, and expose his Heart to dangerous Attacks ; for in short, what a strange method is it for the instructing of a Christian Soul, to teach it down right Paganism, to carry a Disciple into enchanted Places with an intent to infuse into him an abhorrence of Pleasure, to expose him to violent Temptations, with a design to render his Innocence invincible ? This is the utmost that a consummate Quietest durst presume to undertake ; and yet perhaps, he would find a necessity of intrenching himself well before hand in his passive Condition, to digest his Scruples, and to prevent his consenting to the sweet impressions of Objects. But youth is not sufficiently harden'd to those interiour Combats, to be led after such a manner into the Fire : We know it has a far greater inclination to Vice then of Virtue ; It needs no encouragement to idolize Pleasure ; rather, unless it be of

an extraordinary Temper, what should incite him to despise it? The reason of a young Man is not ripe enough for Truth; Age and Experience are absolutely necessary to convince him of those noble and great resemblances and agreements wherein this Truth consists: But has the Sense of a young Man sufficient Vigour to resist the Allurements of Voluptuousness? Now then to expose before a young Prince the view of Pleasure almost stark naked, under pretence that it unfolds the Truths of Salvation and Morality, what is this but to enervate his Mind by flattering his Passions? rather is it not as if a Physician should give Poyson to a feeble Stomach, to procure the digestion of strong Food? Is not this to corrupt at the same time that he pretends to instruct? This is but a bad sort of Pedagogie; however it is *Telemachus* all over. *Mentor* speaks the noblest things in the World, I must confess it; but the Author with his Romanick Chain of yolle Stories, destroys the virtue of the Exhortations, like an old Dotard as he is. *Mentor* preaches up one Holy God, Almighty, Immense, Incomprehensible, and Adorable; the Author teaches a company of vicious Deities, bounded in their Power; Vagabonds, familiar, ignorant and passionate. *Mentor*

tor corroborates the Heart against Sloth and Female tenderness ; the Author does all he can to render it Effeminate. *Mentor* makes Happiness to consist in Virtue ; the Author makes it always unfortunate, and introduces the wicked always happy till Death. *Mentor* would have a King to be just, and that he should Sacrifice himself for the welfare of his People ; the Authors Hero's are two Princes, one of which abandons his Subjects to revenge the Quarrel of a Mistress ; the other Scap-erloites about the World like a Cox-comb, leaving his Mother and his Country a Prey to a company of Rivals. The parallel would make you stare, should I carry it as far as I could stretch it. Stay but till I examin the Tomes apart, and you shall have more pleasant Encounters to make you merry. In the mean time I beseech yee allow me one thing ; That this Piece being an Ambiguous Contexture of Piety and Superstition, of Error and Truth of Figure and Natural, of Vice and Virtue, of good and bad Sense, it favours the Inclination of a young Prince to Evil, and is only fit to perplex and confound his Ideas of Good. But here you will object and cry, this is all but slaving the Air. He that proves too much proves nothing : According to your Conclusions, Youth must

must be excluded from reading the Poets, and all manner of Fictions, and then the Lord have Mercy upon yee ; for all the Regents of Colledges, and Masters of Schools, would fall about your Ears, and those Pedantick People are a terrible sort of Enemies, who are always in Arms, and their Lashes will fetch Blood through a Quire of Brown Paper. Well, Sir, let 'em be as terrible as they please, their Menaces are not able to terrify me. Thanks to my evil Destiny, I fear neither Eagles nor Crows. But you mistake the sense of my Sentiments, and therefore for your better information, let us argue a little after the venerable manner of the Schools. I offer yee this Proposition. A prudent Tutor ought not, on purpose to compose a Romance interwoven with Sacred and Prophane, to form the Mind and Heart of a young Prince : From whence you conclude, that all Poetry is pernicious to young People. But this is no good Logick ; for you argue from a Particular to a General. Tho' I had Learning and Credit sufficient to banish out of Colledges the Illusion and Bombastical Style of Poetry, I would not desire to merit the Name of a Reformer in the Republick of Learning : That Honour would be due to a Person who for Erudition and Delica-

icacy, is none of the meanest Ornaments of the Age : You know who I mean. But I pretend not to go too far. I agree with whosoever pleases to agree with me, that good Poetry may be profitable to Youth in many things : It is an Art that requires Application, and procures to the Wit a Felicity to unfold and penetrate many Difficulties. Salt and Poynancy, which are as it were the Soul of that ingenious Amusement, afford Matter for that which is called *Brilliant*. Neither are Fictions barren Images ; they serve to render the Wit inventive, and Invention is the Mother of publick Benefit. But what is all this to my Thesis ? Is it less certain, that Poetry and Romances are two Rocks against which good Sense and Virtue split themselves a thousand times, and suffer Shipwreck ? For which reason it is, that prudent Masters will never let their Disciples be out of their sight when they give 'em leave to ramble that slippery Tract, so steep and full of Precipices. Have a care they cry, this Idea is false, that Conceit is poor and flashy, that piece of Morality is corrupt, that Example is to be abominated. We only pass these Phantoms slightly before your Eyes, because 'tis fit you should know every thing, and because there is a necessity of submitting

ting to the Tyranny of Custom. What would you think, Sir, after all this of a grave and devout Preceptor who should bethink himself of rammassing all these Follies together, and incorporating 'em into one Romance, with an intention to infuse into a young Prince his Pupil, a solid Piety, Justice incorruptible, a Patience proof against all Tryal, a Courage unsurmountable, a right Sense, and an exact Discernment; in a Word, all the Qualities that might render a King worthy his Distinction. A goodly Catechism you'll say, and presently reply, such a Guide would lay the Snare, dig the Ditch, and make the Bait himself. Nevertheless, this is *Telemachus's* design, if the publick have done him Justice. It may be you will be skirmishing with your Objections against me, and tell me that 'tis lawful for a Tutor to make use of his own Romances, as well as of those which are compos'd by theirs, and that provided he order his Disciples to read 'em with necessary precautions, nothing hinders but that his Wit may prove an Honour to him. But what you get by this you may put in your Eye. For a Tutor is made choice of to meet the mischief, not to give occasions for the growth of it. 'Tis his duty to weed a-
way

way whatever may prove destructive to his young Plant, and not to set any thing near it, that may feed it with ill juice. This Tutor is the young Princes Spiritual Physician, 'tis his Duty to let him know which are good, which are bad Nourishments; but if the Physician should himself prepare dangerous Food for his Patient, in hopes to have the Honour of preventing the ill Consequences of it, think you that would be well done? I am sure, you do not believe that such a man could act with a safe Conscience; nor would you, if once it came to be known, discharge him upon a bare Repentance. Let us drive the Nail as far as it will go. *Telemachus* is a Composition of Fiction and Truth, of Vices and Virtues, of Good and Evill: The Tutor who is a Man Able, Eloquent, Perswasive and a profound My-stick every Inch of him, employs all the strength of his great Genius to hinder the young Prince from mistaking his course between these two opposites. He makes him understand the Ridiculousness of Fiction, the deformity of Evil, the beauty of Virtue, and the reputation that attends Men of worth: But who has told this *Aristotle* that his *Alexander* will believe him upon his Word? If the young Prince be of a temper to be carried away

with Hyperboles and Figures ; If he be of a merciful Humour, not to let a fair Goddess dye for Love ; If *Cupid* subdue him under the Empire of *Venus* ; If he takes a liking to the Religion of the Inhabitants of *Crete* ; If the despoticism and avarice of *Pygmalion* do not offend him ; And lastly, If instead of taking out all the Honey of the Romance, he sucks out all the Venom, Theres a young Prince quite spoil'd : and when he comes to be King, his Subjects must be miserable ; and all this will be charg'd to our Tutors account. Would you believe it, Sir, that this famous *Telemachus*, upon whom all People bestow their Panegyricks, and strew Flowers, that I may speak like a Poet, by whole Baskets full, should one day prove the cause of most dismaleffects, and consequently become the Object of publick Malediction ? I know that I combat with a Fly, and that the Misfortune will never happen : It may be *Telemachus* will be better advis'd then to turn Pedagogue : But tho' he should have aim'd at the Education of a Prince so well known to us, there would have been no danger. That Prince is too well born to turn to his ruin what was only compos'd for his preservation : But in short the thing is not impossible ; and that is sufficient for me

to condemn the design which is ascrib'd to the Work. In a Word, Sir, Why should he not follow the beaten Road? Why should not every Flower be gather'd from its own Bed? The true Method of instructing Youth is rightly to teach the distinction of Ideas, by never confounding Matters. Every Instruction ought to be deriv'd from its own Spring: Let Religion be drawn from the sacred Scriptures; Mythology from Fables; The knowledge of Nature from Philosophy; Actions from History; And Morality from the World, which is the great Volume. Upon these different Subjects let 'em a Gods name, make as many and as long Commentaries as they shall judge convenient; but let it be done without anticipating one matter by another. For if you once confound 'em, you make a Gallimawfrey that distracts the Understanding of the Disciple; and while you go about to teach him all at a time, he learns nothing as he ought to do. From whence there is so much the more reason why great, Capital, and Effential Truths should never be inserted in Romances. In good earnest, this is to enrichase precious Stones in pitiful guilded Clay: Those false Adventures are recounted with an Air of sincerity, exact Circumstances,

and all the appearances of Truth. Which way now to prevent a Youth from being deceiv'd? If he believes 'em, he's in a fair way to mistake Error for Truth. Is he then capable of those sublime Speculations and of those noble Maxims which they endeavour to infuse into him? If he be apprehensive of the Fiction, he stands upon his guard against surprize. He reads those things which are least subject to contradiction, as those things which are most remote from good Sense. So that in a well continu'd Romance, and Pieces well knit together, such as is *Telemachus*, Falshood becomes an obstacle to Truth, and Truth inclines the Reader to believe the Falshood. Would you know to whom I compare *Mentor* in the frequent Exhortations which he gives *Telemachus*? Even to an Orator that never would pronounce any other then false Panegyricks, nor ever would explain himself but by false Texts. For example, Sir, *Mentor* preaches like a Doctor in Romances: He raises some Persons to the very Skies, and throws down others to the bottom of Hell: There is not one action that he praises but what is invented; nor is there any one which he condemns which is not Chymerical, what credit is there then to be given to these charming Discourses

courses? When he Dogmatizes like a *Plato*, Moralizes like a *Socrates*, and Discourses like a *Cato*, concerning the Happiness and Liberty of the People, they are like Structures without a Foundation: They are Consequences which being erroneous in the first Principle, fall and themselves destroy themselves. For example, behold an Inference of *Mentors* Morality. Such and such were happy or miserable, because they did so and so; therefore it concerns you as you value your Happiness, and would avoid Misfortune, to do so or so. Should the Disciple answer, such and such were neither Happy nor Miserable but in your Imagination; therefore there is nothing real or solid in your Precepts; What shall the Master say? Well, while he is considering of it, I tell ye what I think of the Style of this Piece.

You guess no doubt, Sir, what I drive at; and knowing my Genious so well as you do, 'tis easy for you to imagine that I am clearly out of conceit with this sort of Poetical Prose. I do not pretend to refinement of Wit; you are in the right on't, I admire, as another Man would do, when I am spoken to plainly and Politely, provided they speak to me in the Language of Mankind, as three famous Writers in your *Holland* very luckily

ly do. But when Men pretend to disorder all[Nature, never to name an Object without a Figure or a *Phebus* at the end of it, my language seems so barbarous that I'm at a stand whether I shall acknowledge it any longer or no. The Poets boast, that their Language is the Language of the Gods. In good truth, they speak better then they are aware of; for from this Confession we may conclude, that neither mortal Men understand them, nor that they understand themselves. However, if they have receiv'd by infusion the understanding of what they write, let 'em write for the Gods as much as they please; Let 'em walk upon Stilts; Let 'em heap Fiction upon Fiction; Let 'em descend from their high flow Jargony; Let 'em climb up to the Clouds; Let 'em immure themselves within the narrow limits of Measure, Number, and Cadence, we have nothing to say to 'em. These are a sort of Birds that make use of their Wings to fly to *Parnassus*: the beauty of their Plumage is as reall as the Divinity of *Apollo*. Thats nothing to the purpose; these Birds have the priviledge to support themselves in the Air; let 'em enjoy it; theres nobody envies 'em their Happiness; But let 'em not infect the Earth with their Visions and their Dreams; Let 'em not intrude among

among us to set Mankind and good Sense together by the Ears. 'Tis not just that falsehood should cloath it self in the Vestments of Truth, for then what way will there be to distinguish the one from the other? Prose is the natural means that Men make use of to communicate their Ideas one to another, to open their Hearts and intermix their Souls; it is the Vehicle of the light and warmth of Wit, as the Air is the conveyance of the Light and heat of the Sun. Through this the Sciences are translus'd; by this the Laws are publish'd and observ'd, Equity subsists, and Sincerity maintains it self. 'Tis the Language of Society; nor do I know any People in the World that express themselves, that Reason, that Instruct one another or govern in Verse. 'Tis upon this Ground, as I believe, at least I do not know a better, that among clear sighted People there is so much pains taken to polish the Language of the Country: they pare off the mean, impure, exceffive and too much figur'd Expressions: The People are desirous to think nothing but what is solid, they are willing to speak as they think, and they are in the right on't. It may be, 'tis in this Sense that our Authors are so scrupulous about the least Rhime, and that when

when they write, they will stifle a thousand Words, as proper as they are to express their thought, so soon as they have found another that will better suit with the Cadence, tho' not so well with the Sense: I know not whether you have ever examin'd the Reason of this nice-ness; but if you will believe Monsieur *Fourdain*, a great Master in Philosophy, 'tis because all that is Verse is not Prose, and all that is Prose is not Verse. But I know this Gibberish will not pass in payment with you for current Money. I am then rather willing to believe, that it proceeds from hence, that Prose being only compos'd to cleare the Wit, and perswade good Sense, it cannot indure any thing that flatters the Ear, or tickles the Imagination. Upon this considera-tion, Sir, does not your Heart rise against the Versify'd Prose of *Telemachus*? When the Author of that Romance displays before yee, in his simple and natural Style; yet grave and Majestick, those fabulous Beauties fit only to amaze Fools, or to divert Children, tell me truly, d'yee find one once of that solidity which you search for through the whole Piece? Rather are you not feiz'd with a secret Indignation that a Man should employ a Language that is admir'd and spoken in almost all the

the Courts of *Europe*, in such Fopperies as those? Could it be possible that a Prelate who reasons so profoundly upon Cœlestial Verities, that neither the Pope nor the King, nor the Bishops understand him, should consecrate his Pen to copy out in serious Prose the Chimera's of the Poets and the most abominable Superstitions of Paganism? How was it possible for a compleat Quietist, when he was composing so prophane a Piece, to preserve a sight of God, acting immediately upon the Faculties of the Soul? Could the Presence of God inspire him to paint forth a Lye, with a laborious Pencil in the Colours of Truth? Had the Author wrote in Verse, he could not have been altogether excusable, but there might have been less Cause to blame him. 'Tis true, that he could never have escap'd the Reproach of having misspent his leisure Hours, in having dis honour'd his Profession; and having interrupted mystical Contemplation by vain Amusements. But in short the Reader, having perceiv'd the Stile of the Fiction could have been in no danger of a Surprize; 'twould have been taken for a Sport of Wit and Devotion incompatible with innocent Diversion. But to counterfeit an idolatrous Historian, to

compose a Romance, representing Truth under the Fabulous Action of Persons exclaim'd against in Pulpits, and exploded in private Confessions, truly the Operation was not mystical, neither does it favour at all of the *Interior Man*. Stop a little, say you, you run too fast — What! d'you rank *Telemachus* among the *Cassandra's*, *Clelia's*, *Cyrus's* and *Astrea's*? Yes, without Question: — Where would you have had me plac'd him better? I must confess that Wedlock is not the thing that is aim'd at there: But it is not for that Reason your devout People have thunder'd down these sort of Books. If Romance be a Serpent, the Venom lies not in the Tayl, it always ends in Conjugal Union: — Nothing is more Civil nor more Natural. Where lies the Poyson then? — Is it not in the Intrigues, and tender Movements, the amorous Impatiences — and Copulations obtain'd with so much Mystery — carry'd on with so much Secrecie, perform'd with so much Passion, and, in a Word, in the Management of their Amour? How could an Amorous Commerce be describ'd after a more sensible Manner, then it is done in *Telemachus*? What is there wanting to delight a Reader, who has a tender Heart? The Declarations,

clarations, the Rendezvouzes, the Ejaculations of Impatience usual in other Romances, are they not to be found there? Tis true, there is no revealing thereof secret Favours. But as you very well know, Romantick Lovers are much more discreet than Common Lovers; for their Authors will not let them commit an Error. They are not like the French who never think 'emselves fully happy, unless they publish their good Fortune to all the World; besides that *Telemacbus* might steal something from his dear Nymph, and never let Men know of it. No, Sir, call me Obstinate and Incredulous as long as you please, I will never agree to the Sentiments of the Public. The Public, notwithstanding all the Respect that I owe it, is a Back-biter. Tis not possible, that a Mystic should be such an Artist in making Love, tho' it was a pure Amour, intended only to lawful Enjoyment. There is too great an Opposition between Sacred and Prophane Love. Sacred Love is without Interest, and without return of Reward. On the other fide, Prophane Love is not satisfi'd with the Pleasure of Loving; his Generosity is interested, there must be a Reciprocal Return of Body and Soul. What likelihood then, that a

Prelate, swallow'd up in the Disinter-
estment of Divine Love, should under-
stand so well the petty Traffic of Lovers?
A Quietist lives at Rest without Action ;
but two Hearts that love each other are
always in Motion. No, believe me, 'tis
not the great Arch-Bishop, who is the
Author of *Telemachus* ; and could I
write with so much ease, as I have Ve-
neration for his Merit, I would stoutly
undertake his Defence and write his A-
pology, though I ran the hazard of ha-
ving the Lye given me by all that knew
the contrary. But to return to my Text,
for I perceive that I swerv'd a little too
far from it ; 'tis yet more contrary to
good Sence, that such a sublime, judi-
cious Wit, so exact and wonderful in
his Relish, should bethink himself in
our Age to continue the Rhapsodie of
Homer, and gives us in Prose a true O-
gliopodrido of Poetrie. Pardon me the
Expressions ; for here it is that I find
my Wrath a little inflam'd ; insomuch
that I could wish my self Proctor Gene-
ral of the Nation, that I might have
the Liberty to prosecute the Author. I
would summon him to appear before
the Tribunal of Good Sence, that he
might be fairly and duly condemn'd to
stand in a white Sheet, with a Torch
in

in his Hand, for the Honour of the French, with a Prohibition never to relapse, and put his Country-Men under the Temptation of changing Wit like the the Fashions, and to quit a good Tast for a bad Relish : What, d'ye laugh ? You talk at your ease with your Dutch Flegm. But 'tis in good earnest that I am angry at this Minute , and without any other Form of Proces, I condemn *Telemachus* that is in my Study, to be burnt by all the common Hang-men of *France*. How ! *Telemachus* that was compos'd for the Education of the Duke of *Burgundy* ! You mistake sure : The Author had another Design in his Head. As he has a great deal of Wit he had a mind to sport with the Inconstancy of *France*, and to divertise himself alone behind the Curtain. Do not you call my Conjecture a Vifion ; I ground it upon the Success of the Work, and if the Author had built upon that Platform, he would have had all the Reason in the World to have been satisfied with his Design. 'Tis in Matter of Wit the French strive to excel other Nations, in judging soundly of another Man's Works. They flatter themselves that they enjoy by a certain Priviledge that happy Penetration which makes them

them distinguish Solidity from false Lustre. Never till now did they push on so far this pretended Delicacy of theirs. I know not whether it be with you in your Boggs as it is here. But 'tis a Pleasure at *Paris* to see the Booksellers Shops full of a Number of Censurets; who decide the Fate of Books like Oracles, and tell ye with an erected Eyebrow, this creeps, that clambers. We are come off from these Simplicities; why should the Press be full'y'd with such nasty Sotticisms. Men are become altogether Men: they are no longer pleas'd with any thing but what is Natural and Judicious; we desire something that may instruct us, not amuse us. Yet would you think it, Sir? these rigorous Judges are the greatest Adorers of *Telemachus*. Those lofty Wits take a singulär Delight to see the Sun come forth from the Bosom of his Amorous *Theirs*, bound from the Arms of his Mistris to get into his Coach, at his leisure make his *Tour* about the World, drawn by his Free-breathing Streeds. *Aurora* appears charming to them in her *Dewie Waine*. — Dewie Wain! Mark that: Dew is nothing but drops of Water that fall from the Skie. Nevertheless those Drops make

make a Waggon — How Natural that is? *Venus* goes to kiss her Darling *Papa*, and conjures him with Tears in her Eyes, that he will be pleas'd that *Telemachus* may suffer himself to be debauch'd. The good *Papa* is mollif'd; and but for cruel Destinie that gives him Laws, he would consent that *Telemachus* should become the greatest Whore-master under the Skie. These are but faint Sketches of the Beauties of *Telemachus*. If our Correspondence continues, you shall see a great many more. How is it possible to cry down such a Piece of Juicie and Florid Prose! after this, talk no more of our French Men: It belongs only to them to aspire to the Universal Monarchy of Wit. This brings a Fancy into my Head. The Enemies of our incomparable Prince, have given out a long time that he was projecting the Conquest of all *Europe*. The Calumny was too palpable. The King's Justice and Moderation is too well known, and his Majesty has given illustrious Proofs of in, in stopping several times the Rapid Course of his Victorious Arms, and giving Peace to *Europe*: The Truth is this, that if *Lewis* the Great did not seek to be Master of *Europe*, he was very near being so, till Heaven,

whose Designs are profound, and who carries them on by ways unknown, rais'd as it were out of Nothing, another Prince that was capable of humbling a haughty Potentate, and disappointing the vastest of his Designs. There has something of this Nature befall'n our Nation, prepossess'd with her own Merit, thro' the Success with which they have cultivated the Liberal Arts and Sciences and all manner of Learning. She set up for an Arbitratrix of good Relish, arrogating to her self a Prerogative to decide as a Sovereign, the Works of Wit, and pretending that nothing ought to pass for good Sence, but what was seal'd with her Approbation. But an unknown Person comes and throws himself in the way, and not being able to endure so much Pride, it comes into his Head to bring her a Pegg lower. What does he do? Like an honest Plagiarie, He pillages the Poets; he pilfers a Dream from one, a wild piece of Doctage from another, to give a kind of Solidity to these hollow Imaginations; he dresses up a Fable Alamode; and let's it run about the Streets; presently behold all the French Men at the heels of it: 'Tis in vain to cry, Stop: This Prose is a Curtifan in disguise; her Dress has

has no resemblance with what she is. 'Tis the same that you chas'd and exploded with so much ignominy forty Years ago. No matter for that, she talks better then she did at that time ; and her Language infinitely pleases us. But she still repeats the same fooleries : Let it be so ; she plays the fool wittily ; that's what we would have. Oh the excellent *Genius* of the *French Nation* ! Have we not reason to reproach her for being fond of her Language, when she prefers it before Truth and good *Sense* ? What reason has she to laugh at the *Swisses*? They, good People, pay themselves with words, and provided the Cadence pleases, never trouble themselves about the signification. Our Admirers of *Telemachus*, do they not do the same thing ? Let us talk with a little more Equity. A *Swiss* never contradicts himself ; he knows what he loves, and seeks it after his own manner. But the *French* who cry out every where for Substance, good Nourishment, good Juice, serve their Tables with painted Messes, and devour 'em. I excuse this Transport in your Refugees : Not but that I believe 'em to be People of Wit, but their Souls are not in their natural scituuation. Living as they do without Callings, without Estates, they stand in need of Amusement, and

and besides that, since the time that you separated from us, we may look upon ye as half Strangers. But that in *Paris*, the source of Illumination, the Country of Understanding, the Center of good Relish, they should be so hungry after *Telemachus*, that they should throw their *Louidores* at the Heads of the Booksellers, to carry away that Romance as a piece of value ; I cannot in that respect acknowledge my self for a *Frenchman*, and I'm afraid, that the Age of our August begins to decline in point of Judgment, which would be but a bad Prognostication of the Continuance of the Monarchy. You will not fail to ask me here whither *Mentor* spoke *Greek* for me, and whither I could comprehend nothing of the Divine Lessons, which that wandring Goddess gives at every end of the Field to her Favourite *Telemachus* ? Yes, Sir, I understand 'em all very well, but I know not whither it procceded from the dulness of my Wit, or the hardness of my Heart, I was not at all mov'd with 'em. *Mentor*, who is Wisdom it self, teaches his Disciple to subiect the Animal part of his Soul to the Spiritual part ; to make himself Master of his Passions, to prefer Conscience and Integrity before all things. What do you find

find so wonderful in all this? A petty School-master does it as well: Was this worth the trouble of prostituting the Divinity of *Minerva*, and making a Gadding Hufwife of her, to tell him the sim- pleft and most common things in the World? The Author might have let alone that Daughter of *Jupiter* to enjoy the Advantages of her Birth in quiet, and have taken the first that came of the Clarks in his Dioceſs; I ſpeak only by way of ſuſpoſition. I am ſure that with a little good Sense, and eaſineſs to ex- preſs himſelf, he might have ſaid as muſh as the Divine Pedagogue. Wherein con- fifts the Excellency of that Morality which enchants the World ſo muſh? In continually repeating the ſame Precepts? I affure ye, that *Mentor* had great need of being a God, to ſucceſs in his Perswafions. His Doctoral Style could not be thinner; He neither proves, nor demonstrates the Effect by the Cause, nor the Cause by the Effect. All his Philosophy is reduc'd to this ſmall Inference: They did this, and were commended, therefore you ought to do ſo too. They did this and were blam'd, therefore you ought to have a care how you follow their Example. Muſt a Man be cleſt out of *Jupiter*'s Skull to ſay this? 'Tis true indeed, that

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the fluency of the Words supplies the force of the Reasoning. If it be true then, that a Judicious Reader be no Friend to a Concise Stile, then indeed I am too blame, to wonder that *Telemachus* is so much admir'd; for instead of including much Sense in few words, 'tis much more when a pompous display of words furnishes us with a relish of good Sense. The Mischif is, that the same Expressions as frequently return as the same Things. Never was Man so wealthy in Synonymous Terms; so that I would willingly adopt in his favour the Eulogy, which an Enemy of the Accademy formerly gave to a Member of that Illustrious Body. 'Tis said he, the best dough of Man in the World, he has a number of words which boult's and sifts over and over again, with a wonderful Dexterity. But 'tis now high time that I should have a fling at *Telemachus* for his Mysterious part; and I agree with you, that this is the Part which makes his Reputation soar so high.

My busines, Sir, is here to penetrate the Intention of our Author. By all the Rules of Probity, my Criticism ought not to go so far; 'tis forbid me to grope another Man's Heart; 'tis a secret part, reserv'd only for God, a Confessor, and a Confident. Tho' *Mentor* with his Political

cal Exhortations should visit all the Courts of *Europe*, that gives me no Prerogative to accuse him of having a design upon any one. Suppose the King should send to ask a great suspected A. Bishop, whether he had any design in *Telemachu* to censure the Governmen; there is no question, but that laying his hand upon his Conscience, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, he would reply, *God forbid*: and we ought to believe him upon his word. For Holy Men, and especially Mystical Holy Men, will never tell a Lye; so that had I nothing else to say to ye but that, the Mystery will be at the bottom. But becaufe Men are wicked enough to envenom the Intentions of the most upright, and for that the Publick has been so unjust, as to report to our Court the vehement Declamations of *Mentor* against the Tyranny of bad Princes, I will leave the Author to his own Conscience, and endeavour to root this malignity out of your mind. 'Tis very great; and I muſt frank-ly acknowledge, that were they *English* or *Polanders* that were to interpret the Intention and discourse of *Mentor*, I should have nothing to object. Those Idolatres of Liberty look upon us with an Eye of Scorn and Disdain, and are streight upon our Bones if we give Slavery the least

least good word. As for your Gentlemen Refugees, there's nothing else to be expected from them; exasperated as they are against the King, it cannot be, but that the shadow of a Censure made by a devout A. Bishop must tickle their Hearts. You look upon your selves as Martyrs for the Cause of God and the Laws: And indeed if Patience, Charity, Humility, Piety and good Living were eminent among your People, your Faith would make the Conscience of the most zealous Catholick tremble: But in short, you believe your selves the Victims of an unjust Oppression; 'tis no wonder then, you should be so highly pleas'd with whatever decrys the Conduct of your Persecutor; in a word, I pardon you your Commentaries and your Exultations over *Telemachus*: The least favour that can be granted to Innocent Unfortunates; much less will I quarrel with your Brethren that languish in the midst of us; their misfortune is still greater then yours.

But I have a secret Grudge against a Crowd of People, who boasting to bear the glorious Titles of Catholick and French Men, prophanè both the one and the other, by seeking in *Telemachus* the Censure of our Admirable Government: For I ought not to conceal our Shame:

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it is certain, that *Telemachus* has run thro' *France*, with as much or [more Applause as in *Holland* : And that which vexes me most is that they write me word from several Courts, that the Embassadors make this Book their Favorite Companion; so that if what you send me word be true, that the worthy Minister that we have among you gave order that the Book-seller should be well school'd, I shall have a greater Esteem for him then ever I had, and hope to thank him in the Name of all good French Men, so soon as he shall return. But don't you see, Sir, by this the Character of our Nation, without a Prospective Glass; When the French Men do not love their King, they are insolent; when they obey a Prince whom they adore, even to dotage, they are overjoy'd when he is revil'd and rayl'd at. But let us see whether there be any ground for the imagining that *Mentor* has done it in *Telemachus*. For my own part, who am a little Scrupulous and who should be very much troubl'd to think ill of my Neighbour, I had rather believe that the Author of the Romance, fill'd as he is, with veneration of our incomparable Monarch, has fetch'd a compass about to draw his Portraiture, and being unwilling to resemble those flatter-

flattering Historians, who blind the Eyes of Princes with their Incense and their Smoak, he makes *Minerva* speak in general. To be short, in all that *Mentor* unfolds to us of the Vettue, Glory and Merit of good Princees, is there any thing which does not presently cause us to think of *Lewis XIV.*? In the hideous, and extravagant Pictures that *Minerva* gives us of Tyrants, can we refrain our Joy when we consider, that we have a Prince who is not so wicked as they? But you will not be fatisif'd with an Idea so general. I know your Exactness; you must have a particular Accompt; go too then: The first and greatest Quality that *Mentor* seeks in a good Prince is, that he should live only for the sake of his Subjects. Does not the King do so? 'Tis only out of a desire to reign over his Subjects, that he desires to live, and he will Reign to the last gasp of his Breath, or else he would not be Master. *Mentor* would have it, that the Prince should be the Father of his Country, and love his Subjects with as much tenderness as his own Children. Well, Sir, d' ye not see his Majesty to the Life in all this? People judge of the Tenderness of a Father by his extraordinary zeal, to seek the good of his Children: Now I defie you and all your Historians

storians to find me out, since the foundation of Royalty, a Prince that has longer and more successfully apply'd himself, as well in Person as by his Ministers, to seek the welfare of his Subjects ; I mean their Spiritual and Temporal Welfare : and to prove it to ye, for with a *Hugonot*, we must be sure to have good proofs for what we say ; do not you conceive, Sir, that the true welfare of the People consists in Plenty ? Riches perhaps are a more dangerous Enemy ; they are only fit to enfeeble natural Vigour, to feed Passion and hasten Death. The chief Happiness of Life is to be Master of his own Hearth, to eat his Bread in Peace under the protection of Justice : Now are not we beholding to the Kings Bounty for this inestimable Blessing ? When he ascended the Throne, he found Subjects that knew not how to make use of Fortunes Favours : Money was in their hands, like a Knife in the Hand of a Madman. Troubles, Disorders, Rebellion was all the Talk of that Time : The Nobleman oppres'd the Peasant ; the Great Men made the Little Ones turn about with the wind of their Pride and Capriccio ; the Stronger gave Laws to the Weaker ; From whence Duels, Murders, Robberies, Injustice and Violence multiply'd ; the People swel'd

up with their own fat, no longer acknowledg'd any Master; or to speak more properly, they groan'd under the Yoke of an infinite number of petty Tyrants, & forgot their Respect to their lawful Sovereign. The Princes, Governours, Parliaments, the Men in Credit, all these were like so many Flambeaux, that kindl'd and fed the Fire of Revolt, under the specious pretence of maintaining the Law, and the preservation of Liberty: Good Pleasure, full Power and Sovereign Authority, depended upon all these Heads; and when Abuses were to be reform'd, or Money was to be rais'd to supply the Publick Necessities, the Royal Majesty was expos'd to Affront or Refusall. Our Prudent Father of his Country has pluck'd up all these Mischiefs by the Roots, as a prudent Head of a Family ought to do: he has made himself Master of the whole. By that means his Kingdom is like a House well regulated, where the Father disposing of the whole Estate, retains every body in Order, in Subjection and in their Duty. Do we see any discontented Prince under *Lewis* the Great, betake himself to Arms to do himself Justice? Do we see Governors draw whole Provinces after 'em, contrary to the Interest of the Soveteign? Do we behold Seditious.

ous Libels presented in an Assembly by the People's Deputies? Do we hear of any sharp and Stinging Remonstrances from a Parliament? So far from it, that the Ambition of Princes is calm'd, the Governors are submissive, the Parliaments set open their Registers, the People have no more to do but to open their Purses; absolute Power spreads its Influences every where, and every body libes in peace under his own Fig-tree. This Sir, is that, which among the Herocs is call'd seeking the Temporal good of the People. You *Dutchmen* with your shadow of Liberty, have no mind to agree to this. You look upon all us as Slaves and Beggars. 'Tis true our People are not so fat as yours, nor our Country Peasants so rich; But if Murders and insurrections should happen among you, is it not true, that you would wish to be in our places. Besides, you are not to imagine that our Prince heaps up abundance and draws it to himself, to make a benefit of it, but to be a good Steward and a just Dispenser of it. Do you not see that he labours still under the same Necessities, that his Edicts observe their Course, and that tho' he be actually at peace, he is constrain'd to augment the Taxes? What does he do, say you, with those prodigious Numbers

of Millions that go every Year into his Coffers ? He generously divides a Part to those who have the Honour to serve him, and principally to those notable Head-pieces that manage the Finances : He maintains formidable Armies that make him the Arbiter of the Laws, and the Terror of his Neighbours : He enlarges his Palaces, and makes Embellishments there, that surpass even wonder it self : He reforms Nature, by levelling Hills and digging new Rivers. Has he not need of Immense Summs for those incomparable Beauties, who had Charms sufficient to engage his Heart, and oft refresh'd him, wearied with the Toils of Government ? How many Cities purchas'd ? How many Spies maintain'd abroad ? I say nothing of his famous Trafficking at *Constantinople* ; which if it were not the most famous of all, was yet the most beneficial to *France*. There is no need for me to inform ye at this time how our great King has sought, and still seeks the Spiritual Welfare of his Subjects ; you that are an Obstinate Heretick know it too well : but the hardness of your Heart will not permit you to reap the Benefit of it ; and this Pious Monarch stays but till the day of Judgment to reproach you with it. *Menzor* would have a King be just ; ours is so.

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He has made Restitution in earnest, and restor'd to every one the best part of what belong'd to him. Just, do you say, to his People? Yes, juster then to his Enemies? The same is *Lewis the Grand*: If we understand by Justice that which is rendred in Tribunals; never Prince was so exactly careful in his Administration. He has turned out, and turn'd in all Officers of all sorts and fifted their Employments. He has created new ones in Superior and Inferior Jurisdictions; and if the Judges are the Eyes of a Prince, as some will have it, it may be said without Flattery, that *Lewis the XIV.* is the most quick-sighted among Monarchs. If we mean Justice that a King ought to render himself to his Subjects, 'tis that which our Prince never fail'd of. The French love Money, and when they have it can never live at quiet; they love Honour, and feed 'emselves with it. What has our Prince done? He has taken away their Money, and given 'em Quiet and Honour in Exchange. Is not the one better then the other? The French love their Trade; but as a good Catholick People, they love their Religion better. The King has spoil'd Trade, but he has exterminated Huguenotism, have the People any reason to complain? You shall hear a French Peasant, that can hardly pay his Taxes, chat.

chatting after his Rustical Manner, ovet a Pint of Wine of the King's Conquests and Victories; and then is he in his King-dom. I hold an even Wager, he would not change his Condition with one of the Burgo-Masters. Had you seen, in the time of the War our Beggars dancing about a Bonfire, you would agree with me, that Poverty becomes a *French* Man, and that it is but Justice to reduce him to that Condition. But lastly, one convincing Proof of the King's great Justice is, that the People never complain. You who so regulatly read the Gazette, have you ever observ'd that the People cry out for Bread, or that they murmur'd at the scarcity of Money, or pasted up Pasquils, injurious to the Court? 'Tis true, the Gazetters and News Papers mention some such thing sometimes; but as we are not oblig'd to keep Faith with Huguenots, so there is as little reason to credit 'em. *Mentor* declaims against unjust War; Is there any such? The Right of War is authoriz'd by the Possession of all Ages. *Alexander* is not quoted in History for a Robber, nor the *Romans* for Usurpers; were it so, the Pulpits would not ring so often as they do with their Names; and the Preachers would have a care how they suly'd their Sacred Eloquence, by extolling every Day

Day thd Noble Actions of those famous Conquerors. The King made use of this Right as another would have done. His Majesty has extended his Frontiers, he has conquer'd Cities and Provinces, and acting with more sincerity then those ancient Lords of the World, who took all and restor'd nothing, the King has restor'd more then he took, and has kept nothing but what he could not restore. But who told these Interpreters of *Telemachus* that our King ever undertook an unjust war. Let 'em consult all the Declarations of War that have been publish'd since the King's Marriage ; I am sure they will not find one that does not contain a great deal of Reason. That concerning bad Satisfaction which one of our illustrious Deserters explain'd among you with his usual Delicacy, is may be the weakest of all. But they who penetrate the Reasons of that bad Satisfaction, agree that the Complaint was not altogether ill grounded.

You see then that *Telemachus* is not more happy in his Mysterious Part, then in his Designs and his Stile. But to give something to the Publick ; I suppose with them, that *Mentor's* Politicks are the Reverse of the Government, and that 'tis that which has caus'd the disgrace of the *A. Bishop of Cambray*. Do you not believe with my self, that *Mentor's* King is a Fantastic King, and that if Princes would reign according to the *Memoirs* of that old *Dr. Minerva* must have

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descended to the Earth to overturn the World. If a King should observe all those divine Precepts, he would become a Victim to his People, and his Condition would be worse then that of a private Person; I wish all Nations one of *Mentor*'s Prince: but where will you find him? *Mentor* would have a King without Infirmities and Passions: Is this possible; King's being Masters, and always Flesh and Blood, 'tis impossible but that they should be subject to notorious Vices. An ambitious King ruines his People by War. A voluptuous Prince can give no good Example. A covetous King will suck the Blood of his Subjects. A Heart of Iron will never be mov'd to Compassion. A proud and despotic Prince will domineer over all Mankind. A Prince prejudic'd with a false Zeal will persecute to death; and so of other Defects. 'Tis for the People to lay down their Necks, and bear the Burden. These, Sir, are the General Remarks which I have made in Reading your *Telemachus*. You will hence conclude, that there is no great Matter in the Piece, or that I am but a Novice in these Matters. However, I shall comfort my self with a full Perswasion, that I have said nothing but what is true, and with the delight which I shall take in having obey'd your Orders. If you think fit, burn this little Epistle, and take a special Care that no Refugee may see it. Those Gentlemen never love the Apologists of our Court; and as I have a great Esteem for their Perseverance, I should be very much troubled to incur their Displeasure. Farewel, Sir, you know I am yours, *ad Aras & Focos*. The rest by the Porter. — *Paris, &c.*

F I N I S.